POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SPRING: A SONNET.

NOW blooming spring, with her delightful train,
Hath freed us from stern winter's rigid reign;
Hath fix'd her banners on each fertile field,
And made the snowdrop to the cowslip yield.

No longer doth the howling north wind blow,
Nor have we now rough storms, with sleet and slow;
But lofty trees and bushes, lately bare,
Begin to shoot, and infant leaves appear.

Now may be seen, across the meadows gay,
The sportive lambkins with each other play;
While feather'd songsters swell their little throats,
And warble out their wild, enchanting notes:
How charming is the prospect! and how fair
Do all the works of nature now appear!

Honiton, March 24, 1809. J. MELHUISH.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SUSAN's LAMENTATION.

AH cruel fate! thy stern decree
Has robb'd me of my ev'ry joy;
This world's a wilderness to me,
I've lost my all, my soldier boy.

In youthful bloom he left my arms;
'Twas honour call'd him to the plain;
In vain were soft persuasion's charms;
My tears were shed, alas! in vain.

To meet the foe on Spanish ground
With British valour took his flight;
Where he receiv'd a mortal wound,
Which sunk me in the gloom of night.

No more will the bright day return,
Since my William I have lost,
My ev'ry ray of hope is gone,
Distraction rends my aching breast.

Methinks, I see him low extended,
On gelid earth his body lies,
By no lenient hand befriended,
I hear him groan before he dies:

No friend to shed the grateful tear;
Not one to heave the heart-felt sigh;
No fair-one to attend his bier;
In reeking gore I see him lie.

By

By his dear companion's side,
Whose hapless fate some friends complain;
A father, mother, sister, bride,
Who drop the tear, alas! in vain.

Ye pow'rs! give me the eagle's wings,
I'll cross old Neptune's foaming sea;
While o'er my head the sky-lark sings,
O'er his cold grave to Heav'n I'll pray.

And by the moon's pale lamp I'll stray,
Beneath yon yew-tree pensive sit;
As Philomel pours her soft lay,
I'll chant his name in notes as sweet.

Should I his fleeting shade descry,
By fair Luna's glimmering light;
To clasp his form I'll vainly try,
And follow him with fond delight.

Then come, grim king, my bosom's bare,
Strike deep at my unguarded heart;
What bliss shall then with mine compare!
When him I meet, no more to part.

The Call of a Sylphid to its kindred Spirits on the Return of Spring.

CONGENIAL spirits, haste away,
From where, in gloomy shades of night,
Secure from wintry winds ye lay,
Again revive, and view the light;
Again inhale the balmy airs
That o'er the mountains' summits play,
And free from sorrows, free from cares,
'Midst odorous sweets pursue your way.

By gentle zephyrs borne along,
Beneath a pure and azure sky,
We'll listen to the shepherd's song,
Or thro' the shady woodland fly.
On violets will we rest unseen,
In harebells sip the honied dew,
And lurk beneath the herbage green,
Where primroses the valley strew.

Beside the stream where wearied lies
The village swain in rustic geer,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
We'll whisper pleasure in his ear.
All nature smiles with gladd'ning light,
The sun displays his cheering ray,
Then, rising from your shades of night,
Congenial spirits haste away.

ON INDEPENDENCE.

I Do not ask some costly vest to wear,
But one which just may shelter from the air;
And while I taste the pleasures of the muse,
The pomp of rich men's tables I refuse;
To wealth that feeds the flatt'rer and the knave
I scorn to stoop, and own myself its slave;
For tho' my board with less profusion shine,
Its homely dish proves liberty is mine.

THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 24, 1809.

THE OLD SAILOR,

An Affecting Story.

MRS. SMITH, who has so much distinguished herself by her novels and sonnets, has lately presented some affecting pictures of the dreadful consequences which have resulted from the unparalleled revolution in France, in a novel, entitled "The Banished Man." We shall present our readers with an extract from the third volume, in which D'Alonville, the hero of the piece, endeavours to return to his native country, under the disguise of a French republican prisoner escaped from the Austrians, in order to find out, if possible, his two friends, De Touranges and St. Remi, and to see what advantages might be derived from the state of the royalists in France.

D'Alonville's heart revolted as the execution of his scheme approached. To enter his native country in disguise; in the mean garb of a peasant—and representing one of the persons whose politics he detested, appeared to him so degrading, that he was sometimes tempted to renounce his plan of seeking De Touranges and St. Remi, and enter a volunteer in one of those corps of emigrants that were now assembling, and which were to be paid by some of the combined powers; but the advice of Ellesmere, and the solemn engagement with Madame de Touranges, and still more with her daughter, which he thought himself bound to fulfil; together with a belief, that if parties could be formed in the interior of the kingdom, it would be of more effectual service than any attempt without—conquered his repugnance, and he determined to pursue his first intention.

He had a long journey to make through the whole of Picardy and Normandy; and every precaution was necessary to secure his reaching the place of his destination. To appear as a prisoner escaped from the Austrians, seemed to be the least objectionable means of making his way back to his own country. He found that there were prisoners confined at Bruges; he went thither, and found it easy to procure a sort of certificate, from one of them, with his name, and that of the national regiment in which he served. He made himself master of the circumstances that happened when this man and a party of French were taken prisoners; and arranging the story he should have to tell, he furnished himself with a number of small assignats, which he placed in the linings of his clothes; and depositing what other money he had in safe hands at Ostend, he departed thence on an evening, and took the road to Dunkirk.

His former walk to Rosenheim had given him considerable experience, and he reached Dunkirk without any difficulty. The examination he underwent there, was more strict than he expected; but certain of not being personally known, and having taken every precaution against being suspected for a gentleman, he answered the enquiries that were made with so much clearness, that he was believed, and was offered either the permission of returning to his own province, which he said was Normandy, or to enter into any of the regiments at Dunkirk. He told a very plausible story of an old mother; and of his other brothers being all killed in the service; which was also believed; and he even received a certificate from the commanding officer of the town, granting him a furlough for six weeks, and describing him as Jacques Philippe Coude, serving heretofore in such a regiment, lately escaped from imprisonment, who had desired leave to revisit his family before he returned to the service of his country.

Thus provided, and having well studied the cant of the day, he embarked at Dunkirk, in a small sloop, for St. Maloes. The first two days the voyage was prosperous; but on the third, they were chased by an English privateer, of which a few were already fitted out; and D'Alonville, as the vessel gained upon them, felt inconceivable uneasiness from the apprehension of being taken, and carried to an English prison under circumstances so degrading, that it would be almost impossible ever to vindicate himself to his English friends. When he had for more than an hour suffered an alarm, that he dared not avow, it fortunately abated by a change of the wind, which enabled the sloop in which he was to run into Cherbourg; and D'Alonville, thinking himself most fortunate to escape such a return to a country where his only hopes of happiness were fixed, would not again subject himself to the same danger, but

quitted

quitted the sloop, and hired a small boat under pretence of dispatch, which he knew must keep along shore; and the master of which agreed for a very small consideration to land him at St. Maloes; from thence to the town of Merol, which St. Remi had named for the place of their rendezvous, was about five and forty or fifty miles; situate on the extreme edge of the province of Britanny.

It was in an afternoon, toward the middle of March, that D'Alonville went on board a long fishing-boat, rowed by an old, but athletic inhabitant of Cherbourg. With the assistance of a lad of thirteen, they kept as close to the shore as possible; and as night came on, hauled still nearer to the rocks, as they intended, in case of bad weather, to land, but the evening was calm and serene; and the owner of the boat, who appeared to have some business at St. Maloes, besides conveying D'Alonville thither, was disposed to make the most speed in his power; and the wind was fortunately in his favour, and filled his little sail with a steady breeze. D'Alonville, who had taken his passage as a man from the northern army, who had been a prisoner escaped to Dunkirk, and was now sent by the commander to St. Maloes on public business, had been so fatigued by the repetition of this fiction, and so reluctantly acted the part it imposed on him, that having once given this account of himself to his conductor, he did not wish to enter into farther conversation; being too well assured, that in answer to any question he might ask, as to the state of the country, or the disposition of its inhabitants, he should hear nothing but what would add to the painful sensations with which he approached it.

It was midnight; a few stars, and a waning moon, already fading in the distant waves, afforded all the light they had. The old seaman kept at the helm, frequently fortifying himself with a cordial of eau-de-vie, reinforced with repeated quantities of tobacco. The boy was sleeping on a bench that crossed the gun-wales; and the silence of the night was unbroken, save by the roar of the surf on the beach, which they were near enough distinctly to hear in a dull and hollow murmur. Uneasy as were the thoughts of D'Alonville, this monotony of sounds, and the fatigue he had for so many days gone through, together with the supposition that he was now at least in temporary security, induced him to indulge the heaviness that was coming upon him. Since he had escaped any suspicion as far on his way as Cherbourg, he had then ventured to purchase a small pair of pistols, which he concealed within his waistcoat. He knew his companions thought him unarmed, and he was not sorry to be provided with these as a defence; not that he suspected him of any intention to take advantage of that circumstance, but there was a sullen silence about the old man

that did not altogether please him; and he had more than once occasion to remark, how much since the revolution the character of the lower class of the French people were changed. Notwithstanding the little confidence he had in the boatman, he put on the red cap with which he had provided himself, and wrapping his coarse coat round him, he soon fell asleep; from which he was, after some time, suddenly startled, by the noise of fire arms, which appeared to be so near him, that he sprang upon his feet, and looked round him; but all remained just as it were before forgetfulness overtook him, except that the vessel was immediately beneath the high cliffs that bound the land. The old seaman was at the helm, but he had lowered his sails; and the boy paddled the boat along, while he guided it slowly among some high pointed rocks that seemed to rise here perpendicularly out of the water, which was deep, and still around them.

D'Alonville asked, hastily, where they were? and what was the noise they heard? The man answered, in a mournful and reluctant sort of way, that they were close under the town of Granville, on the western coast of Normandy; "And for the noise," said he, "they are at the old business, I suppose, killing some of the people who happen to have said or done any thing against the new government." This opinion seemed to be founded in truth, for the cries of the victims, and the shouts of the executioners, were distinctly heard after another volley of fire arms.

D'Alonville shuddered, yet felt half impelled to leap on shore, and throw himself among the demons who were busied in this work of death. "Are you going to land?" enquired he, as the boat still seemed to get near the shore. "Have you any business in this town?" "Who, I?" replied the man, "No, thank the bon Dieu, I have no business there, and I assure you, no mind at all to be among them." "Are they then bad people in this town of Granville? What! are they royalists, my friend? Are they enemies to liberty?"

"Liberty! liberty!" muttered the man, with an oath half stifled, "Liberty! but you have been in the midst of all, it seems—and like it, I suppose—though one would think you must have had pretty near enough of it; Sacre Dieu! but one must hold one's tongue."

"Why, how is this?" said D'Alonville, agreeably disappointed in the principles of his sea-faring companion. "Why are you not a friend to the republic—to our glorious new privileges? Why, is it possible you can speak thus of our constitution, of our liberty?"

"Bah!" cried the old man, peevishly. "Tell me what good we have got by it."

D'Alonville

D'Alonville enumerated the advantages that have been held out, in all the parading terms with which they have been dressed to catch the multitude. "Ah yes, to be sure," answered the sailor; "Now I'll tell you what I have got by all this, mort Dieu! I have been out of luck, sure enough, if so many blessings were going about, to have caught none of them; but, on the contrary, diable! I've had nothing but plagues and sorrows; but I suppose, if I complain to you, Monsieur le Soldat, I shall be clapped up in prison as soon as you catch me on shore."

"If you think so, friend, don't trust me with your confidence; but I assure you, though I am a soldier, and have been at the army, that I don't want to hurt any man for his opinions."

"I don't much care," said the man; "I'd as soon go to the guillotine, I think, as not, unless times mend."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Account of the Embassy of Louis de Bourbon, Count de Vendosme, Jacques Jouvenel Des Ursins, Archbishop of Rheims, and Others, to Henry VI. King of England.

(Concluded from Page 305.)

IT was agreed, that the cardinal d'Yorck, the comte de Suffolck, and Raoul (Ralph), otherwise William le Bouteiller (Boteler), grand treasurer of England, should labour in concert with the French ambassadors to effect a peace. When the ambassadors were preparing to leave the audience, because they had nothing more to say at that time, the king said "*Nenny*," [probably a French conversion of nay, nay,] and withheld them, and seemed as if he was exceedingly glad to see them; but he did not speak any other word to them.

After the protestations, the progress was of course to the conferences and propositions.

The count de Suffolck began them by saying, that, at the conferences of Tours, he had it in charge to demand the cession of Guienne and Normandy, and other French domains to which the English had acquired a right, before the quarrel of Philip de Valois and Edward the Third, about the succession to the crown of France.

The archbishop of Rheims, who was the orator of the French embassy, repeated also the offers which had been made at Tours on the part of France; it was to cede to England, in the southern provinces, Guienne, le Quercy, and le Perigord; in the part of the north, Calais and Guisnes; the whole under

under condition of homage. These offers, he said, were full as great, or very nearly so, as the pretensions of the English before the quarrel for the crown; since then they laid no pretensions to Normandy, and were confined to the duchy of Guienne, and the county of Ponthieu.

The cardinal d'Yorck pretended, that Poitou and Normandie were part of their just pretensions *(en entoient* MS.) The ambassadors recalled to their recollection the famous treaty of 1259, concluded between St. Louis and Henry III. king of England, by which Saint Louis ceded to the English the duchy of Guienne, composed of the Bourdelois, the Landes, and the Bazardois, and some other adjacent provinces, which were those offered at the conferences of Tours, and were still offered. In consequence of this cession, the English had formally renounced the provinces of Normandy, Anjou, Maine, &c. In the end King Edward I. had Ponthieu *du chef de sa femme*, he had done homage for it, as well as for Guienne and its annexations, which had not been ceded by St. Louis but under the express condition of homage, which the English demanded that they should renounce, and to which the French ambassadors protested that France would never assent. Posterior treaties had only confirmed the treaty of 1259; thus Edward III. who himself had rendered homage for Guienne and Ponthieu, did not possess but these two provinces, and their dependencies, in France, before the quarrel for the crown. They now offered to the English, instead of Ponthieu, Calais, and Guisnes, which were worth more, and the duchy of Guienne, such as they had possessed. "Let us leave all these debates," said the duke de Suffolck; "let us not thus go from offer to offer, disputing always the territory, and passing through all the usual lengths. These are two kings, relatives and friends, it is an uncle and nephew, who are treating together. They are treating by the intervention of humble and faithful subjects, who share their sentiments, enter into their views, and know their intentions. Let us come to the point; tell us frankly the last offers which you are charged to make us. We will tell you at the same time, what are the last demands to which we confine ourselves."

Never did plenipotentiaries answer in earnest to a similar request, because they could never reckon upon the good faith of those who made it, and both sides are afraid of being too forward. The ambassadors then said, that the offers which they had made were the last which they had to make, and that they were reasonable and advantageous. "If you have no others," replied Suffolk, "we must break up our conference; but happily I know that you have some others. As to the rest, it is late, let us go to dinner, and afterwards proceed directly

directly to business, and, without losing more time, hasten to say the last word."

These debates had lasted 'till the 20th; that day they began by insisting upon the first offers, by wishing to keep to them; and lastly, upon urgency to advance, and give the last word, the French said, "Well! all that we can promise you is, to read over our instructions, to study them to the bottom, and to see, jointly, if in interpreting them the most favourably for peace, we can without prevarication pretend to add any thing to these offers; but do you also, on your side, declare in good earnest what is the last limit which you put to your demands, your hopes, and your projects."

The next day (21) the ambassadors went to see the cardinal of England, who had just come to London; by this term they denominated the cardinal of Winchester, because he was of the royal family, and because he had the greatest interest in England. He was, as we have said, entirely devoted to the queen and the French party; the English plenipotentiaries were all his creatures; his discourse was entirely conformable to their's, and breathed nothing but peace.

In the conference of that day, the French ambassadors added to their offers the Limousin. The cardinal d'Yorck said, that in the evening he had conceived good hopes, from the last words which the French ambassadors had spoken, on quitting his hotel; that he saw in the steps, which they have just taken, the pacific disposition of the king of France, of which M. de Suffolck had been the witness, and with which he had so entertained them in the transports of his satisfaction and delight; but that it was not possible for such dispositions not to have produced more; that assuredly the powers of the ambassadors were much further extended; that, in short, the time was come for developing the whole, and that peace was so great a good, that there ought not to be the least delay. The ambassadors, having gone a little aside to deliberate together, agreed to add to Limousin the Saintonge and the Pays d'Annis, since a hint of that kind had been dropped by M. de Precigny to M. de Suffolck.

The French plenipotentiaries, in their turn, then pressed the English in the most urgent manner to imitate their frankness, and say the last word.

"If we have delayed 'till now to say it," replied the cardinal d'York, "it was for two reasons only; one, that your offers are the smallest which have been hitherto made on the part of France, although the situation of our affairs is much better than it has ever been since we began to treat; the other, that being so near the king, we can say and do nothing without taking his orders." "Ah!" cried Precigny, "would to God, that the two kings were within reach of each other; in the

disposition in which they both are peace would be soon concluded." Every one cried, Amen—and after this unanimous voice, the French ambassadors begged the English plenipotentiaries to propose this interview to Henry. Suffolk was charged with the office.

On the 30th of July, the comte de Vesdome, the archbishop of Rheims, and the seigneur de Precigny, had a private audience of the king of England at Folem (Fulham), a country house of the bishop of London. The archbishop of Rheims, speaking in the name of all, said, that he believed that the king had already been informed of the proposition which they had to make to him; that all minds were disposed to peace, but that the objects upon which they treated with the purpose of definitive settlement were so delicate and important, that servants hesitated to meddle with and lay their hands upon it. It had been avowed, that if the two kings could meet, and converse together, the matter would be better and sooner brought to an issue; and that, in truth, they knew that the king his uncle had a very great desire to see him, and that it would be a very great satisfaction to him. They proposed then that he should come to France in the following spring or later; but as the truce expired on April 1, 1446, they had powers to continue it 'till All-Saints (November 30), of the same year.

These words seemed to give Henry very great delight, and when they named the king his uncle, he lifted his hood a little, and, in reciting his love and desire he had of seeing him, said, holding his hood, " St. John, thank you!" which he seemed to speak with the most perfect sincerity.

When the archbishop had spoken, the king deliberated in private with the cardinal d'Yorck, the comte de Suffolck, and the lord treasurer; afterwards the cardinal said to the French ambassadors in very elegant Latin, " that the king of England felt all the advantages of peace, and would spare no pains to effect it; but independently even of so great a concern, it would be a sensible pleasure for him to see the king of France his uncle, and that the smallness and insufficiency of the offers made by France would not be for him either a motive or pretext for refusing such a journey; but that the passage of the king of England to France, at this conjuncture, and amidst such a conflict of parties, was not a step to be taken lightly; that he could not attempt it without great counsel and deliberation, without being assured at first of the truces being sufficiently long; without having taken measures of every kind, which prudence required; that he would then consult at leisure, and would give his answer to the king his uncle, and if the result of his reflections, and the influence of circumstances should deprive him of so pleasant a journey, he would send to France persons instructed to treat on all the great interests

which divided the two nations, and upon every thing which bore a relation to them."

Here ends the narration.

[There is a great paucity of information after the reign of Edward III. and this important paper shews, that Suffolk was very weak; that Henry was half an ideot, and that, unless it was to gratify royal inclination, the reference, after such rejection of offers, to an interview between such a prince as Henry and the French king, proves the council to have been egregrious dupes, of which the passages in the cardinal of York's reply, seem very strong proofs. What concessions for diplomates!!!—They were not fit to deal for a horse, much more for kingdoms. That the MS. was not written at the time does appear; for Suffolk, who is stiled duke, count, monsieur, and every thing else but his real title, that of a marquis, was not created a duke 'till 1448, nearly three years after the embassy. See Bolton, 276, Stowe, 386. In 1446, on account of the expiration of the truce in April, forces were sent to Normandy, in which the agency of Suffolk was very conspicuous; and that lest the French should not consent to amity.]

Hints on the National Advantages of the Culture of the Bee in England; with Remarks on the Attachment of that Insect to their Queen.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

IT has been with me always a matter of surprise and regret, that so little attention is paid by our agriculturists and gentlemen of landed property to the culture of the bee; and even in many parts of England, where bees are kept, it appears that curiosity and pleasure are the aim, and that the great national advantages, which would naturally arise from an extended culture of the bee, are not in the least taken into consideration. I believe I may venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is no part of the stock of a farmer which, in proportion to the expenditure, would yield one quarter of the profit of a well regulated apiary. In Scotland an apiary is to be seen in the garden, or, more properly speaking, the kail yard, of every labourer; and I know one labourer in particular, in the vicinity of Blair Drummond, in the carse of Stirling, who is enabled to pay the rent of a small farm solely by the produce of his bees. The expense of keeping them is in no proportion to their profit; it is as one to twenty; and as it is my wish to draw the attention, not only of the higher classes

but also of the cottager, to the culture of the bee, I will state the disbursement requisite for the formation of an apiary, and compare it with the profit.

A cottager purchases a swarm for one guinea; no higher price should be given; and even that only for a first swarm, or a virgin swarm, though, at the same time, were it not for the superior fineness and excellence of the honey, a virgin swarm were neither desirable for the apiarian nor for the purchaser. The capital of the cottager, therefore, as an apiarian, I consider to be a guinea; and, with the exception of two or three shillings for sugar, to protect his bees from famine during a long protracted winter, or to invigorate them at the commencement of the working season, he incurs no further expence until the time of swarming. It will then be necessary for him to provide two hives, at the expence of 3s. or 3s. 6d. In the month of June, or earlier, his hive swarms, and in about ten or twelve days after, a second swarm is cast. His stock is now increased to three hives, but, as a second swarm very seldom collects honey sufficient for its maintenance during the winter, the following plan should be adopted. It is the height of injustice, cruelty, and inhumanity, to suffocate the bees, when a very simple method can be devised, and which I have often tried with uniform success, of obtaining their honey with the loss only of twenty or thirty bees, and even that number unintentionally; for so partial am I to these invaluable insects, that I would nurse a wounded bee a whole day to restore it in health to its hive.

To return to the above-mentioned plan. Early in the month of October let the cottager weigh the hive occupied by his first swarm, and if it weigh thirty pounds, of which there is very little doubt, if the season has been only tolerably propitious to the gathering of honey, there is then an ample quantity for the support of a very numerous colony during the winter. Should, however, the hive weigh fifty or sixty pounds, (and I have known one to weigh one hundred and twenty) let him immediately join his two swarms.

It is probable that the hive of a second swarm will weigh about fifteen pounds, or, at most, twenty pounds. After the junction of the two hives, the cottager will then have two excellent stocks, and a small hive of honeycomb, say fifteen pounds. His whole expences have hitherto amounted to 1l. 7s. If he takes his honeycomb to market, he can with ease obtain 2s. a pound for it, as in the shops it often sells for 3s. and 3s. 6d. a pound. There is therefore, the very first year, a balance in favour of his bees, and he has increased his colony by the addition of a young and numerous stock. After having guarded his stocks from the probable inclemency of the winter, no further expences will be incurred until the ensuing swarming season.

season. His two stocks will then throw four or more swarms, which, if he pleases, he may convert immediately into money, which will bring him 3 or 4l. or he may wait to reap the harvest of their honey, which, at the rate of 2s. a pound, would, on a moderate calculation, produce 6 or 7l. I would rather undervalue than overrate the swarms, but I think I have sufficiently shewn the progressive value of a single hive. It is in a centuple proportion; and when the small quantity of time is considered which is required of the apiarian to attend to his stocks, and which is only in the swarming time, it must be allowed that there is no branch of rural economy which yields so great a profit with so small a sacrifice of time.

In point of health, the use of honey is invaluable, and it is an article of which the prudent housewife will never be in want. But the honey imported from the continent is as similar to genuine honey as punch is to genuine rum. It is adulterated with the coarsest flour, to give it a greater consistency, and to add to its weight; it only retains so much of its genuine quality as to give it the smell of honey, but its operative and medicinal virtues are destroyed.

In a political point of view, the culture of the bee is of no secondary consideration. It is known that the annual importation of wax and honey from Dantzig alone amounts to 30,000l. At a time when we are almost wholly excluded from the continent, we ought not to neglect those resources which we possess, and which would contribute to render us independent of continental connections. Were it not for the war with Russia, the iron mines of Wales would never have been worked; and, trifling as the position may appear, were but each cottager in England to keep one hive annually for sale, we should not send annually to the continent 50,000l. for the purchase of a commodity which we might raise in the country, and enjoy it in its native purity.

It is no uncommon occurrence for two swarms to join, and it is rather a benefit to the apiarian than an injury, for one good swarm is preferable to two bad ones. On a junction of two swarms, it is the first act of the bees to kill one of the queens. No swarm ever leaves its parent hive without a queen, nor will they ever admit two queens in one hive except in the breeding season; and although five or six may be hatched in one hive, yet those only are suffered to live who are to emigrate with the swarms. The queen is much larger than the common bee, and full one-third longer. Her wings do not project, like the common bees, to the extremity of her body, but they generally extend to about the third ring of her body, and are more pointed than the common bee.

Having occasion to join two hives, I, previous to stupefying the bees, sought for the two queens, and having found them, I

confined them in a glass; and I must own that, like certain European potentates, they shewed to each other the most condescending civility, although in their hearts, hatred for each other was the predominant passion. Having effected the junction of the swarms, I gave them one of the queens from the glass, and they immediately testified their joy at her arrival, by the quick motion of the wings, so well known to apiarians. Not choosing to be myself a regicide, I contented myself with clipping one of the wings of royalty; and, turning up an old stock, I introduced the other queen from the glass, in a truly Cotterel fashion. The bees, so far from testifying any displeasure at her arrival, assembled round her; and, turning the stock down again, I left it for the night. On the following morning, I again lifted the hive, and to my surprise, found the former queen dead on the stool, and the new sovereign in undisturbed possession of the realm. Would that all revolutions were effected so easily, and with the shedding of so little blood!

I remain, your's, &c.

R. H.

Sketch of the Life of Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke.

THE attention of the public has been greatly excited, for a considerable time past, by the separation which took place in 1806, between this celebrated female and the duke of York, and the enquiry into the conduct of the latter which has been the consequence of it. Mrs. Clarke was born at Oxford about the year 1772, and was not, as has been erroneously reported, the daughter of Mr. Farquhar, a printer, but of a Mr. Thompson, a man above the rank of Mr. Farquhar, who, though a man of fair character and a benevolent disposition, never rose above the station of a journeyman printer. The mother of Mrs. Clarke was left a widow during the American war, when Miss Thompson was under fourteen years of age. Her father, being a reputable tradesman, gave her at least the rudiments of an excellent education. Her mother afterwards married Mr. Farquhar, whose habits and manners being very different from those of her father, she took an early opportunity of disengaging herself from him.

She married, at Pancras, near London, at the early age of sixteen, Mr. Clarke, the son of a respectable builder in Angel-court, Snow Hill. This Mr. Clarke left his son an annuity of fifty pounds per annum; and for some time he carried on the business of a stone-mason, in Golden-lane, &c. After a course of three years, a change in his circumstances induced him to take his family to Bayswater. Mrs. Clarke and her husband afterwards

afterwards lived together in Craven-place, on the Kensington road, where it appears, in evidence before the house of commons, she was visited by all the friends and relatives of her husband; of course her character was 'till then irreproachable. Craven-place, Kensington Gravel-pits, was the last place where she resided with her husband. Whether the cause of this separation rested entirely with her, those only, who were acquainted with the habits and the disposition of her husband, are best able to judge. Mr. Clarke, we are told, from joining in dissolute and expensive company, not only distressed himself, but by his extravagance laid the foundation for the separation from his wife which afterwards took place. It is but justice, however to Mrs. Clarke, to mention that after she was settled with the duke in Gloucester-place, as long as her finances would permit it, she allowed her husband five guineas a week.

Mr. Clarke, who is still living, had a brother equally as unfortunate as himself; and who, though he had upwards of 7000l. as a portion from his father, afterwards shot himself in his chaise near Pentonville, one evening as he was returning home from town; in consequence of the embarrassment of his affairs.

Mrs. Clarke's connection with the duke of York was not the first unlawful one she formed, after she parted from her husband. From motives best known to herself she has constantly avoided giving any account how she first became acquainted with his royal highness. It has been supposed they first saw each other at one of the watering-places, in 1802 or 1803; soon after which she resided at Mr. Nichols's, a baker, at Hampstead. It was early in 1804, that a very expensive establishment was set up for her, which occasioned a good deal of surprise 'till it was observed who was her constant visitor. The princely establishment in Gloucester-place, it is said, was the suggestion of his royal highness, not of Mrs. Clarke. One fact is certain; the lease of that house was purchased by the duke of York, and in his name; a circumstance which would not probably have occurred, had it been bought for her. He indeed gave it to her afterwards, when she importuned him to pay her debts. Nothing, in fact, could exceed the liberality of this establishment in Gloucester-place. It consisted of more than twenty servants: a housekeeper, five or six maids, two butlers, and six other men servants. Three or more men-cooks were daily employed, each of whom had a guinea per day. Mrs. Clarke was allowed to receive what company she chose. The bare wages and livery-clothing exceeding 1000l. a year. The furniture was the most magnificent that could be procured of the kind. From four to five hundred pounds were paid for her pier glasses; and her wine-glasses were valued at nearly two guineas each. There were also two coaches, and from

eight

eight to ten horses. And as for the country-house at Weybridge, its expences may be guessed from this single circumstance, viz. that the oil-cloth, for the passage only, cost fifty pounds. Still, with respect to splendid appearances, it seems beyond a doubt that the duke of York was not a whit behind his mistress in the taste and relish of extravagance.

Something of the nature of the duke's economy may be collected from a statement made by Mrs. Clarke before the house of commons. In answer to a question put to her by Mr. Yorke, whether she meant to say the duke did not pay any of her tradesmen's bills, she said, she did not recollect that ever he did, excepting one to a milliner. To this she afterwards added, that he paid 1300l. to the silversmith to balance what she had paid; and that, besides this, he paid for one landau; and that was all she could recollect. One thousand per annum was then the sum allowed her by the duke, during her residence in Gloucester-place, which was not quite three years.

Though Mrs. Clarke is not a perfect beauty, she has many agreeable attractions; one in particular from a well-turned arm. Lively and gay in conversation. Her easy demeanour, upon the first acquaintance is what the French call eminently prepossessing. She is rather small in size.

Her face is oval, but not long; small nose, dazzling dark eyes, beaming with the most irresistible archness, and captivating intelligence; her mouth is small, and presents good even teeth; her skin is delicately fair, without being of a dead white; a sufficient colour adorns her cheeks, and we have no hesitation in saying, that, without being regularly handsome, she is second to none in those attractions that please the opposite sex. Her whole air and deportment are untainted by affectation; in fact, she is nature in an undress, or rather in that dress which nature can give. In her capacity she is far above mediocrity; and her letters, and her arch answers before the house of commons are sufficient testimonies of her abilities. During her attendance at the house, she was at Ellis's coffee-rooms, generally accompanied by two friends, a gentleman and a lady. Her dress, during the examination, was not varied: a light blue silk gown and coat, edged with white fur, and a muff. On her head she had a white cap or veil, which at no time was let down over her face to hide it.

The numerous instances which are constantly occurring, especially in high life, of married persons violating the most sacred ties, are much and sincerely to be lamented, and afford a most melancholy proof of the evils attendant on dissipation, and a total disregard of the duties of religion.

Character

Character of the late Hon. Major Charles Stanhope.

THIS young man was second son of Earl Stanhope, by his lady Louisa, the only daughter of Mr. Henry Grenville. Several branches of the Stanhope family have been illustrious in arms, and have displayed, in various periods of our history, an energy of character, and a devotion to their country's cause, which have rendered the name illustrious in the annals of Britain. The youth, whose loss we now deplore, chose, at a very early period, the military profession, as that in which he hoped he might be usefully employed. He had been assiduous in forming his character, and in attaining a thorough knowledge of the duties attached to several degrees of military service, through which he had passed. From the high opinion formed of his courage and talents, he was, about two or three years since, appointed by General Moore, to be one of his aide-de-camps. Nothing could be better adapted to his wishes; he was anxious to be the witness of, and participator in real and active service. He could not bear the idea of being raised step by step in the army, without having, at the same time, the opportunity of proving to his friends and his country, that he was worthy of the rank and honour conferred upon him. It was a source of extreme mortification to Major Stanhope that he returned from Sicily and Sweden, without being able to justify, by his conduct, the expectations which his friends had naturally formed of his character. In Spain he was no longer aide-de-camp to the general under whom he served, and whom he loved with a filial affection, but was appointed with Major Napier, his particular friend, to the command of the fiftieth regiment.

Never were men more attached to officers than the soldiers of this regiment to their noble-minded and heroic majors. This body is distinguished by General Hope, as having borne the brunt of the action; and the efforts of the officers and soldiers, from its very commencement, claimed the applause of their general, who, witnessing their prowess, and highly approving of the judgement by which their exertions were made, rode up to them, exclaiming, "Well done, my fiftieth, well done, my majors of the fiftieth." A large portion of the regiment lost their lives. The body of Major Stanhope was carried to his tent 'till the battle was won.

His younger brother, Captain James Stanhope, who had shared in the dangers of the day, as aide-de-camp to General Moore, paid the last tribute of respect and sincere affection to the remains of the major. The fatal bullet had passed through the heart of the deceased, and so instantaneous must have been the death of Major Stanhope, that a sense of pain had not torn from his countenance that smile which the bravery of

his soldiers and the applause of his commander had excited. At any period, but particularly in times when we may have to contend for our liberties as a nation on our own shores, the death of such a man must be regarded as a public loss: and every lover of his country will deeply lament that so many excellent lives should have been sacrificed to so little purpose.

The loss of Major Stanhope to his immediate connections is irreparable: his manners were remarkably mild: his attachments strong; and his heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness. His brother, who parted from him at the commencement of the action, and who almost saw him fall—his affliction may be conceived but cannot be described. Well might the unhappy youth exclaim on the occasion. "To lose in one hour the companion of my earliest years, and most affectionate friend of my heart; and the kindest protector and best of friends in the gallant Sir John Moore, is almost more than philosophy or human nature can withstand." Those only can appreciate the affectionate attachment of these brothers, who were witnesses to their growing years, and who can affirm that in their breasts, were never perceived those emotions of envy, those risings of jealousy so frequently fatal to the happiness of the nearest relations.

On the Style of Painting of the late Mr. Opie.

By Mr. Dayes.

HIS manner approximated to that of Rembrandt; his style is bold and vigorous, and, like that master, he has seldom more than one light in his pictures. The subjects in which he succeeded best are where the rough, unpolished parts of nature appear; with these his dark and forcible manner of light and shade suits admirably; but where he attempts at characters that require elevation, he is generally deficient. His chiaro-scuro is broad and powerful, but destitute of clearness of colour; a fault that also attaches to his lights, which are often heavy and cold; his touch is firm, broad, and spirited. Where he feels his subject, no one can enter more into its spirit than himself; as in the assassination of James of Scotland, Rizzio, &c. which justly class him among the first masters. Of feminine beauty he appears not to have the least feeling; his forte is undoubtedly the terrible, and for this his manner is best calculated; some of his heads are full of spirit, and finely executed. Those scenes of assassination from which he derived his reputation, associate perfectly well with the severe, dark style, which he pursues; and that from a principle in nature, as the abrupt, forcible, and dark will ever accompany acts

of horror. As a portrait painter, he has great claims to praise, particularly in his men, which are firm, bold, and freely handled, and occasionally well coloured. His women are heavy, inelegant, and chalky, accompanied with a hardness that destroys all beauty.

TOWER *of* LONDON.

THE Beauchamp tower is noted for the illustrious personages confined within its walls. Among them is the ill-fated Anna Bullein. It was from hence she wrote her celebrated letter to her pityless tyrant, dated from her doleful prison in the tower. It is a composition that gives place to none in the true pathetic. From hence she was led to the block, placed on the green nigh the tower chapel, and received the fatal stroke with patience and resignation, on the 19th of May, 1536.

An innocent usurpress succeeded to her apartments in 1553. Here the amiable, the learned, the good Jane Gray, was committed for the faults of an ambitious father in law, and remained a prisoner five months. She seemed to have been pitied even by Mary; and probably would not have been suffered, but for the imprudent insurrection of the duke of Suffolk. She fell at the age of seventeen, on the same spot as Anna Bullein, on January the 12th, 1553-4, and with most invincible fortitude. As she was conducted to the block, she met the headless body of her husband, beheaded just before on Tower-hill.

Here also, in 1587, was imprisoned Philip earl of Arundel, son of the duke of Norfolk, for aspiring to the bed of Mary queen of Scots.

And here may be added, that the Beauchamp tower was sometimes a prison for persons of less note, as appears by the numerous inscriptions cut on the walls or on the wainscot; those however of Dudley duke of Northumberland, 1553, Lady Jane Gray, and the earl of Arundel, are among them.—(See Pennant, and the Archæologia.)

AFRICAN MINES.

GREGOR LOPEZ writes, that the people of Sophala, a place in the extremity of Africa, at the Ethiopian sea, abounding in gold mines, have books written in the Indian tongue, which say, that Solomon every third year fetched gold from thence; and that they have mines still called by his name.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to J. A. Dyer's Anagram, inserted January 30.

A Snug ESTATE, from mortgage free,
Would be a welcome thing to me.

† Similar answers have been received from T. Pearse, of Chard; John Ball, and J. Ball, at Evershot school; G. Caines, of Ironsgate; J. W. of Charmouth; S. Tucker, of Bugford; T. Whicker, of Exeter; H. B. of Bridgewater; John Colley, of St. German's; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; W. Kent, near Camelford; W. Petherick; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; Philo Musæus, of Yeovil; D. G of Hinton St. George; W. B. of Hinton Saint George; W. B. of Taunton; R. Withall, of Plymouth; G. S. of Egg Buckland; and J. Woodman, of North Curry.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Honiton, to G. S.'s Charade, inserted February 13.

WHITEHEAD must be your poet's name,
And, therefore, now I state the same.

☞ A similar answer has been received from W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; W. K. of Lanteglos; and C. Crews, of Newton Abbot.

Answer, by L. N. to J. A. Dyer's Rebus, inserted February 20.

WHEN perjur'd witnesses before the state,
The truth dissemble, and prevaricate,
By CROSS-EXAMINATION caught, the same
Are put to open ridicule and shame.

†*† We have received the like answer from S. Palmer, of Chard; John Melhuish, of Honiton; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; and H. B. of Bridgewater.

A CHARADE, *by W. Kent, near Camelford.*

ATTENTIVE first, by thy all-powerful aid,
Fond Damon's tales subdue the stubborn maid;
My next assisting, crowns the youth's design,
And seals his vows at Hymen's hallow'd shrine:
My whole with splendour decorates the fair,
And e'en to grandeur gives a nobler air.

A CHARADE, *by J. Treadwin.*

HARK to yon bell! its slow and solemn tone
Proclaims my first is from some mortal fled!
Methinks I hear the sad relations moan,
Loudly lamenting o'er the honour'd dead;
Perhaps even he was in my second lost,
In search of pleasure venturing from the shore
Was on the tempest-billow toss'd,
And sunk beneath the wave, to rise no more;
Bless'd be the man who did my whole invent!
May no distress in his abode be found!
To save the lives of hundreds his intent,
And full success his patriot labours crown'd.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SPRING.

AGAIN the sweet, enchanting spring,
With verdure clothes the earth;
And ev'ry bird, on cheerful wing,
Proclaims its welcome birth.

Hail then sweet season, lovely spring,
Let not thy charms depart;
Bedeck the wide-extended scene,
Enrapture ev'ry heart.

The lonely waste, and verdant plain,
In lively hue appear;
Adorn'd with grass, and the fair train,
That speak th' approaching year.

The genial sun's all-chearing beams
With stronger fervours glow;
Loosens the furrows; and the streams
In gentle murmurs flow.

While dark'ning clouds around display
Their sweet, refreshing show'rs;
And Sol descends, with pleasing ray,
To bless the groves and bow'rs.

Lo! now along the verdant meads
Are num'rous daisies seen;
And yellow cowslips rear their heads
To beautify the green.

On yonder bank primroses shew,
Most pleasing to the eye;
And violets sweet, of purple hue,
With wonder we descry.

Amid the hedge, a pleasing sight,
The op'ning hawthorn glows;
And soon appears in beauteous white,
As Zembla's mountain snows.

See now the orchards fragrant bloom,
A pleasing prospect shew;
What scenes delightful, rich perfume,
Add to the ravish'd view.

Behold yon garden's flow'ry tribe,
Their lovely forms disclose;
And sweetly blush, in youthful pride,
The lily and the rose.

Hark! how the thrush now swells his throat,
And mellow blackbirds sing;
The cuckoos, with their chearful note,
Proclaim th' approach of spring.

And

And when beneath the distant west,
Sol's genial rays decline;
Then Eve, in radiant beauties dress'd,
Bids stars and planets shine.

Whilst thus sweet eve holds her career,
Thrills Philomela's song;
Which highly charms th' attentive ear,
The silent shades along.

But soon sweet spring its charms resigns,
And summer claims the reign;
'Till nature her soft head reclines
On ev'ry hill and plain.

Come learn instruction then, ye young,
From this my artless lay;
As thus the seasons roll along,
So will your bloom decay.

South Petherton, March 17, 1809.

G. A. F. ARDEN.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

EVENING.

BUSY day, with all its toil,
Far receding in the west,
Yields to placid evening's smile,
And the silent hour of rest.

Cynthia, cheerer of the night,
Has her sober reign begun;
Spreading wide her silver light,
Borrow'd from the parent sun.

Pleas'd I view her friendly beam,
As I wander on my way,
Dancing on the dimpled stream,
In a kind of mimic day.

While, delighted, I behold
Soften'd nature's varied face,
Brighter scenes themselves unfold,
Greater beauties still I trace.

If to heav'n I lift my eye,
What a glorious scene I view!
Worlds unnumber'd I descry,
Peeping from th' ethereal blue.

Fain would I, in grateful lays,
Night with all her wonders sing;
But while I astonish'd gaze
Feeble fancy droops her wing.

Ev'ry effort of my muse,
Soon, ah! soon will be forgot;
Nature bids me seek repose
In my little, lowly cot.

Malborough, near Kingsbridge, 1809.

T. JARVIS.